THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

VOL. V.] [No. 36.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1805.

☞ THE PRICE OF THE PORT FOLIO IS SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 138.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

SIR,

In all ages of the world, from the earliest periods of antiquity to the present day, man has ever been the same being, discontented, ambitious and desirous of perpetual change.—Hence, the Roman satyrist has asked; why no one is satisfied with the condition which nature or accident may have given him? Whether the picture drawn by Horace, be taken from the figures of his own fervid imagination, or from human life, and merely coloured with the tints of fancy, is a question which has been much agitated, and still admits of considerable argument.—I confess myself rather inclined to believe that we are all too apt to praise the employments of others, to the detriment of our own, and create difficulties where, in reality, none exist.

Could we call before us men, from every condition and avocation of life, the dispute would be speedily decided; and we should not need the unsatisfactory steps of abstract reasonings. But we are left to wander in the mists of impenetrable obscurity, and all the observations that are presented, may amuse the fancy, but cannot elucidate the subject.

Since the formation of society, and the refinement of mankind, in the arts of social life; rural contentment and retired felicity, have ever been the subjects for the enthusiastic pencil, and the constant burden of the poet's song.—Virgil describes in enchanting strains, the delights of resting under the branches of a shadowy oak, and tuning his patriotic lays to his humble instrument. Petrarch sings the sweets of Vaucluse, as affording a resemblance to celestial bliss.—Pope with all the ardour and ecstacy of youthful genius, prays for “a few paternal acres” as the widest extent for his comprehensive soul.—And Thompson—expatiating on the charms of enjoying the society of the learned and the good of former ages—wishes for a “rural, sheltered, solitary scene.” But place them in a sequestered spot, where freed from the trammels of worldly intercouse, they shall chaunt their productions to the rivers and the trees—where no admiring tongues shall shout applause, nor any patron shall welcome them with munificence; they will sigh for the wonted admirers in the noisy city, or the busy court.

Let us fancy an humble husbandman, blest with every thing that appears requisite for perfect bliss. His rural habitation undisturbed by strifes, or dissentions exhibits one continued scene of tranquillity, the hours winged with innocence and love, pass unnoticed; his children blest with the roseate glow of health, cheer his departure to the labours of the morning, and welcome with smiles of love, his return; he rises to his duty, with the sun, and brushes the dewy fields, with early step; the mountain tops are clothed with verdure, the fields offer to his sickle an abundant harvest—the day knows no pain, and the evening rest affords refreshment for the duties of the ensuing morning.—Is he happy? are there no corroding cares? no anxieties from apprehended tempests? no wishes to enjoy a communion of unshackled intercourse? no satiety from an eternal monotony? ask him these questions, and he will long for the tumult of the metropolis, where he may enjoy “sweet converse” with his fellow-creatures—freed from the disturbances of droughts or storms.

Herodotus records a nation in Africa, who for want of other employments, made war against the winds of Heaven, and for their impiety were overwhelmed in the blasts of their arid deserts. It is a property implanted in human nature, unchangeable and unconquerable, to lust for forbidden fruit: our first great parents, from the desire of change, knowingly, incurred inevitable death. Pasiphae, we are told by the poet, grew enamoured of her own offspring: Narcissus of his shadow—because they were placed, like the firmament of Heaven, without the reach of their detested passions. Men are forever destroying their felicity, in pining after things which God and nature never designed they should possess. Am I told, that this is not an universal rule? that a Socrates lived content with humble poverty; that a Curius shunned with contempt the incitements of ambition; that the page of history, affords numerous examples of satisfaction and enjoyment, unruffled with a wish for change? I answer; there are spots of verdure in the extended deserts of Arabia; but these are so thinly scattered over the immeasurable vast, that the exhausted traveller faints, 'ere he can reach their refreshing atmosphere. So if the annals of six thousand years, present a few melancholy instances of contentment—these are to be regarded rather as illustrious exceptions, than as agreeing with the general rule of human nature.

In every situation, throughout every stage, we are subject to disappointments, from various accidents; but shall we therefore murmur? The arrows of affliction pierce keenly; but the wounds are healed by the balm of philosophy. The dictates of evangelic truth, declare “sufficient for the day is the evil thereof”—With our *honours* then not *arising from condition*, let our *day* be unclouded with the fears of an unhappy *to-morrow*.

I

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MOST REMARKABLE VISIT TO ENGLAND, &c.

[Continued.]

[From Wales we now accompany our traveller to London; and the satirist, who wears the masquerade Domino of a German playwright, not inadequately personates the Author of “The Stranger,” who, like his countryman Schiller, blasphemously stiled the German Shakspeare, has terrified children, by all sorts of rumbling noise and horrific imagery, and stimulated youthful libertines and the tyro and tender Jacobin to every glorious deed, prohibited in the decalogue.]

London, July 15.

On my entering this great city, I could not but recollect the exclamation of Jean Jaques. *Je vois ici qu'on respect le fuefile!*

London is certainly admirably paved; and the pedestrian is not less safe, than the nobleman who rolls in his carrage.

The coach conveyed me a considerable distance before it stopped at the Inn of its destination. From Hyde Park corner I passed though Picadilly, the Hay Market, the Strand and Cheapside. At length, I was safely landed at the Swan with two necks in Lad Lane.

A London Coffee House can scarce fail to throw a gloom on the spirits of him, who has been accustomed to the Coffee Houses of Vienna. In a London Coffee House (unless a party of friends assemble) every man reads his newspaper in silence, and when he condescends to talk, it is only with the waiter.

I went early to bed; but I could get no sleep; partly from the guests, passing my room, and partly from thinking upon poor Frederica! I recalled the night when My *Virgin of the Sun* was performed the first time, and when my Frederica played Amazile! How becoming was the wreath in her hair! alas! what anguish of heart lies in these recollections!

When I heard the jollity, that resounded from every part of the Inn; when I heard the youthful traveller breathe his seducing tale into the ear of the chambermaid. Ah! thought I, the husband mourning his wife is to be found in no other room, but that which I occupy!!!

July 17.

I was this day waited upon by a young German, of the name of Gerstenberg, the Author of Ugolino.

He delivered me a packet of letters from Germany. Ah! how different were now my emotions from what they used to be, when, on breaking the cover of the packet I expected to recognize in the superscription of the first letter, the hand writing of my Frederica!

Among the letters contained in the packet, I found two from America Woe is me! In what part of the Globe am I not hanged, drawn, and quartered? These letters come from two transatlantic translators of my works, who have respectively sent me a sheet of their versions. Not unlike the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he wanted to recommend his house, produced a brick as a specimen.

Of these translators one is named Smith and the other Dunlap. Smith appears to understand German, but not English; and Dunlap English, but not German. They both live at New-York.

July 19.

Nothing is talked of but Buonaparte and his flotilla. My landlady has a daughter of fifteen. I heard her say to a visitant last night “Lord! Mary, what do you think! General Buonaparty is to come over here, when the nights get longer and take us all prisoners. The boys are to be thrown

into the Serpentine river, and the girls sent to France.

I like Buonaparte, said Mary.

Why, cried my landlady's daughter. Because, replied Mary, he is an *Irishman*.

The menaces of Buonaparte have called forth many effusions from the sons of Song. I found an exquisite apostrophe to England, in one of these:

England! thou shalt not fall! the day shall come
Yes! and now is that Thou shalt lift Thyself
And woe to him, who sets upon thy shores
His hostile foot! Proud Victor though he be,
His muster'd hosts shall be roll'd back in thousands,
And the surge bury them!

July 20.

At a house, where I called this evening to smoke a pipe, a man formed an acquaintance with me, who is by trade a writer.

He drank of my beer, and discharged his share of the reckoning by the prodigality of his talk.

My health said Mr. Manuscript, is much impaired. In truth, since the price of Gin was raised, I have been quite emaciated; for I cannot afford now as formerly to drink my dram of a morning. *Tempora mutantur*.

Nor is there any encouragement to be found among the booksellers. They spurn originality of conception, and part with their coin to none but Translators from the German. Ah, bah! a translated play of Kotzebue will fetch more than a Paradise Lost.

I am nearly without resources. When I had a good coat on, it facilitated my reception among the Publishers of Pater Noster Row, and those of the Strand. I was admitted to their back parlours. But now that my coat is out at elbows, and my galligaskins are rent, they are become inaccessible. So true is the observation of the Poet that Wit in rags.—

These are lamentable times. I fear my race will be soon run as it is said in The Bible, All Kinds of Spirits have been raised. My finances will not suffer me to buy any more; and a fish can as soon live without swimming as I can without drinking.

This man however he may have talked, I discovered to be a man of genius and learning. But he was imprudent; and his imprudence has made his learning useless, and his genius contemptible.

July 23.

Gerstenberg called on me this morning, and, after an agreeable tête a tête conversation in a box of the coffee room, I walked with him down the Strand.

Troops of gay ladies passed us in our walk, but few of them could attract a man of refinement and taste. A shameless impudence was stamped upon every countenance; and in the eyes, in which perhaps, during the days of youth and innocence, thousands of lovely Cupids had played, nothing was now seen but the leer of Lasciviousness.

One of them soon addressed my companion. Are you good natur'd, said she.

We prosecuted our walk.

But presently a nymph accosted us of so lovely a mein that the steps of my friend Gerstenberg were in a moment suspended. She pressed us to go home with her, and for the sake of speculating on the mode of life, pursued by these unhappy females, I accompanied my companion to her lodgings in Market lane.

She conducted us to a room on the first floor. It was a very elegant apartment. She despatched her servant for a bowl of Negus, and we talked on indifferent subjects.

As we were thus sitting and talking I could not forbear reflecting upon the singularity of the circumstances, in which I was placed. I was in the apartment of a lady of Pleasure, with no other view but to *speculate* upon the habits and manners of one of these beings in a country, where I was a stranger, nor was it possible for other feelings to be awakened in my breast.

He, who has loved as I have, is safe, though assaulted by the allurements of a Cleopatra, or the beauty of a Venus. If I but turned one thought towards my Frederica, if, for a moment, I recalled her appiration to my mind, how disgusting did every thing appear around me! No, my departed Seraph! Even in this situation, I was deserving of thy regard.

It may be thought singular, yet it is nevertheless true, that my ideas of wedded constancy are now still more enthusiastic than formerly. The charms of a lovely, though *lifeless* wife have made me insensible to all other allurements. Death has torn us asunder but I am not the less her lover; and the flame, that six years ago she lighted in my heart continues to burn with undiminished ardour!!!

The poor creature told us her story, which whether true or false, I here relate in her own words.

"To give you my whole story, I was the only daughter of a man well to do in business. I will make short of my tale. We poor unfortunate creatures are seldom believed, and it is generally imagined that we have always a story ready, in which we stick lies as the occasion requires.

Gentlemen, the Negus is brought. It comes to half a crown.

Well, as I was going to tell you, my father dying suddenly, I was without any friend but an Aunt; and she found me a very eligible situation, at the shop of straw bonnet maker.

Mrs. Wilson having more rooms then she wanted, and taxes running high, let her first floor, and after a *rotation* of lodgers her rooms were taken by a young Officer of the guards.

He said he chose the lodgings because Duke Street was near the Parade; but I was informed afterwards, that, having one day seen me walk down Pall Mall, with a bonnet in my hand, that I was carrying to Lady Bloomsbury, he was captivated by my appearance, and dogging me home, hired the first floor to ruin my virtue.

For the first week, he affected not to regard me, and when I took water to his room, he looked at himself in the glass, as though I was not present. But this was all stuff.

On Easter Monday, I went with some young women of my acquaintance to Greenwich Park. Mr. Captain got scent of it; indeed he anticipated me, for I found him, sitting with his arms across, looking at a set of romping boys and girls at the bottom of the hill. I shall never forget his dress that day! It was miraculously fine!

Little thought of him, as running down the hill, I found myself before him; he stopped to meet me, caught me fast in his arms, and made a very free use of the custom of the place, which, you know, Gentlemen, makes kissing free for every body. I was only sixteen; I had never been kissed by a man before, but my officer choaked me with a thousand, and seemed to eat my very lips in eagerness; the boys and girls huzza'd and the polite captain, not to make me look particular went through the ceremony with five of my blushing companions.

They had never before been hugged to such a laced bosom, and were all on tip toes to keep with him. I intreated them to come away home, but they liked his company too well for that, and I could not go home by myself. At evening he would fain give us all coaches home, but the artful creature had taken care that no coach should be found. What could we do now? He persuaded us to make the New Inn our place to sit down at, till some coaches should be passing, but no sooner had we got there, the he ordered supper and wine, and requested than girls to favour him with a song.

At length supper came. My captain took little notice of me, it was the rest, that engaged his attentions. But this was all stuff.

He busily promoted drinking; I am a poor hand at drinking; the least drop gets up into my head. I therefore, kept to beer: but the wicked man outwitted me. I find since that I drank more rack than beer. In short I soon forgot myself, and sunk into a state of insensibility.

What became of my companions, I know not; for myself I was undressed, by whom, or how I know not and put to bed. Indeed I remember no point of time between my sitting at supper with my companions, and that moment, when waking, I found myself naked, and in the arms of the Captain."

Such was the story of this unhappy girl who, now abandoned by the world, once probably called forth a Mother's prayers, or constituted the only happiness of a doating Father.

Night came. We made the poor girl a little present, and pursued our ramble. I never repented having made this visit. It was not perfectly novel, as I once supped at a similar house in Paris, with Mademoiselle Vincennes; whom I *picked up* with a friend in the Arcade of the Palais Royal.*

[*To be Continued.*]

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM COWPER.

[Continued.]

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

October 8, 1783.

My Dear Friend,

I am much obliged to you for your American anecdotes, and feel the obligation perhaps more sensibly, the labour of transcribing being in particular that to which I myself have the greatest aversion. The Loyalists are much to be pitied, driven from all the comforts that depend upon, and are intimately connected with, a residence in their native land, and sent to cultivate a distant one, without the means of doing it, abandoned too through a deplorable necessity, by the government to which they have sacrificed all, they exhibit a spectacle of distress which one cannot view even at this distance, without participating in what they feel. Why could not some of our useless wastes and forests, have been allotted to their support? To have built them houses indeed, and to have furnished them with implements of husbandry, would have put us to no small expense; but I suppose the increase of population, and the improvement of the soil, would soon have been felt as a national advantage, and have indemnified the state, if not enriched it. We are bountiful to foreigners, and neglect those of our own household. I remember that compassionating the miseries of the Portuguese, at the time of the Lisbon earthquake, we sent them a ship-load of tools, to clear away the rubbish with, and to assist them in rebuilding the city. I remember too, it was reported at the time, that the court of Portugal, accepted our wheel-barrows and spades with a very ill grace, and treated our bounty with contempt. An act like this, in behalf of our brethren, carried only a little farther, might possibly have redeemed them from ruin, have resulted in emolument to ourselves, have been received with joy, and repaid with gratitude. Such are my speculations upon the subject, who not being a politician by profession, and very seldom giving my

* Vide Kotzebue's Flight to Paris, translated by *Miss Ann Plumptree!* from page 228 to 232; scene, a Parisian *brothel!* TRANSLATOR,

Miss Ann Plumptree, perhaps, might have been more modestly employed than in translating this picturesque description of the economy of a *bagnio*. In short, the German school is nothing more nor less then an Academy for Rogues and Whores. It must be confessed, in justice to the institution, that the lessons of the preceptors are sufficiently elaborate and the docility of the pupils not at all astonishing.

attention for a moment to such a matter, may not be aware of difficulties and objections, which they of the cabinet can discern with half an eye. Perhaps to have taken under our protection a race of men, proscribed by the Congress, might be thought dangerous to the interests we hope to have hereafter in their high and mighty regards and affections. It is ever the way of those who rule the earth, to leave out of their reckoning him who rules the universe. They forget that the poor have a friend more powerful to avenge, than they can be to oppress, and that treachery and perfidy must therefore prove bad policy in the end. The Americans themselves appear to me to be in a situation little less pitiable than that of the deserted Loyalists. Their fears of arbitrary imposition, were certainly well founded. A struggle therefore might be necessary, in order to prevent it, and this end might surely have been answered without a renunciation of dependence. But the passions of a whole people, once put in motion, are not soon quieted. Contest begets aversion, a little success inspires more ambitious hopes, and thus a slight quarrel terminates at last in a breach never to be healed, and perhaps in the ruin of both parties. It does not seem likely that a country so distinguished by the Creator, with every thing that can make it desirable, should be given up to desolation for ever; and they possibly may have reason on their side, who suppose that in time it will have the pre-eminence over all others; but the day of such prosperity seems far distant—Omnipotence indeed can hasten it, and it may dawn when it is least expected. But we govern ourselves in all our reasonings, by present appearances. Persons at least no better informed than myself, are constrained to do so.

I intended to have taken another subject when I began, and I wish I had. No man living is less qualified to settle nations than I am; but when I write to you, I talk, that is I write as fast as my pen can run, and on this occasion it ran away with me. I acknowledge myself in your debt for your last favour, but cannot pay you now, unless you will accept as payment what I know you value more than all I can say beside; the most unfeigned assurances of my affection for you and yours.

Yours ever, W. C.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN

Nov. 10, 1783.

My dear William,

I have lost and wasted almost all my writing time, in making an alteration in the Verses I either inclose or subjoin, for I know not which will be the case at present. If prose comes readily, I shall transcribe them on another sheet, otherwise, on this. You will understand before you have read many of them, that they are not for the press. I lay you under no other injunctions. The unkind behaviour of our acquaintance, though it is possible that in some instances it may not much affect our happiness, nor engage many of our thoughts, will sometimes obtrude itself upon us with a degree of importunity, not easily resisted, and then perhaps, though almost insensible of it, before we feel more than the occasion will justify. In such a moment it was, that I conceived this Poem, and gave loose to a degree of resentment which perhaps I ought not to have indulged, but which in a cooler hour I cannot altogether condemn. My former intimacy with the two characters was such, that I could not but feel myself provoked by the neglect with which they both treated me on a late occasion. So much by way of preface.

You ought not to have supposed, that if you had visited us last summer, the pleasure of the interview would have been all your own. By such an imagination you wrong both yourself and us. Do you suppose we do not love you? You cannot suspect your Mother of coldness, and as to me, assure yourself I have no friend in the world with whom I communicate without the least reserve, yourself excepted. Take heart then, and when you find a favourable opportunity to come, assure yourself of such a welcome from us both, as you have a right to look for. But I have observed in your two last Letters, somewhat of a dejection, and melancholy, that I am afraid you do not sufficiently strive against. I suspect you of being too sedentary—"you cannot walk"—why you cannot is best known to yourself. I am sure your legs are long enough, and your person does not overload them. But I beseech you ride, and ride often. I think I have heard you say, you cannot even do that without an object. Is not health an object? Is not a new prospect, which in most countries is gained at the end of every mile, an object? Assure yourself that easy chairs are no friends to cheerfulness, and that a long winter, spent by the fire-side, is a prelude to an unhealthy spring. Every thing I see in the fields, is to me an object and I can look at the same rivulet, or at a handsome tree every day of my life, with new pleasure. This indeed is partly the effect of a natural taste for rural beauty, and partly the effect of habit, for I never in all my life have let slip the opportunity of breathing fresh air, and of conversing with nature when I could fairly catch it. I earnestly recommend a cultivation of the same taste to you, suspecting that you have neglected it, and suffer for doing so.

Last Saturday se'nnight, the moment I had composed myself in my bed, your Mother too having just got into hers, we were alarmed by a cry of fire, on the stair case. I immediately rose, and saw sheets of flame above the roof of Mr. Palmer's house, our opposite neighbour. The mischief however was not so near to him as it seemed to be, having begun at a butcher's yard at a little distance. We made all haste down stairs, and soon threw open the street-door, for the reception of as much lumber of all sorts, as our house would hold, brought into it by several who thought it necessary to move their furniture. In two hour's time, we had so much that we could hold no more, even the uninhabited part of our building being filled. Not that we ourselves were entirely secure—an adjoining thatch, on which fell showers of sparks, being rather a dangerous neighbour. Providentially however, the night was perfectly calm, and we escaped. By four in the morning it was extinguished, having consumed many outbuildings, but no dwelling house. Your Mother suffered a little in her health, from the fatigue and bustle of the night, but soon recovered; as for me it hurt me not. The slightest wind would have carried the fire to the very extremity of the town there being multitudes of thatched buildings and faggot-piles, so near to each other, that they must have proved infallible conductors.

The balloons prosper; I congratulate you upon it. Thanks to Montgofiler, we shall fly at last.

Yours, my dear friend, W. C.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

Nov. 24, 1783.

My Dear William,

An evening unexpectedly retired, and which your Mother and I spend without company, (an occurrence far from frequent,) affords me a favourable opportunity to write by to-morrow's post, which else I could not have found. You are very good to consider my literary necessities with so much attention, and I feel proportionably grateful. Blair's Lectures, though I suppose they must make a part of my private studies, not being *ad captum fœminarum* will be perfectly welcome. You say you felt my verses, I assure you that in this you followed my example, for I felt them first. A man's lordship is nothing to me, any farther than in connection with qualities that entitle him to my respect. If he thinks himself privileged by it, to treat me with neglect, I am his humble servant, and shall never be at a loss to render him an equivalent. I will not however belie my knowledge of mankind so much, as to seem surprised at a treatment which I had abundant reason to expect. To these men, with whom I was once intimate, and for many years I am no longer necessary, no longer convenient, or in any respect an object. They think of me as of the man in the moon, and whether I have a lantern, or a dog and faggot, or whether I have neither of those desirable accommodations, is to them a matter of perfect indifference: upon that point we are agreed, our indifference is mutual, and were I to publish again, which is not impossible, I should give them a proof of it.

L'Estrange's Josephus has lately furnished us with evening lectures. But the historian is so tediously circumstantial, and the translator so insupportably coarse and vulgar, that we are all three weary of him. How would Tacitus have shone upon such a subject, great master as he was of the art of description, concise without obscurity, and affecting without being poetical. But so it was ordered, and for wise reasons no doubt, that the greatest calamities any people ever suffered, and an accomplishment of one of the most signal prophecies in the scripture, should be recorded by one of the worst writers. The man was a temporizer too, andcourted the favour of his Roman masters, at the expense of his own creed, or else an Infidel, and absolutely disbelieved it. You will think me very difficult to please, I quarrel with Josephus for the want of elegance, and with some of our modern historians for having too much. With him for running right forward like a gazette without stopping to make a single observation by the way, and with them for pretending to delineate characters that existed two thousand years ago, and to discover the motives by which they were influenced, with the same precision as if they had been their contemporaries. Simplicity is become a very rare quality in a writer. In the decline of great kingdoms, and where refinement in all the arts is carried to an excess, I suppose it is always rare. The latter Roman writers areremarkable for false ornament, they were yet no doubt admired by the readers of their own day; and with respect to authors of the present æra, the most popular among them appear to me to be equally censurable on the same account. Swift and Addison were simple.

Your Mother wants room for a postscript, so my lecture must conclude abruptly.

Yours, W. C.

CRITICISM.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

GODWIN'S FLEETWOOD.

[*Fleetwood: or the New Man of Feeling.* By William Godwin. In three volumes, 12mo. Richard Philips, London, 1805.]

Whoever has read Caleb Williams, and there are probably few, even amongst those addicted to graver studies, who have not perused that celebrated work, must necessarily be eager to see another romance from the hand of the same author. Of this anxiety we acknowledge we partook to a considerable degree; not, indeed, that we had any great pleasure in recollecting the conduct and nature of the story; for murders, and chains, and dungeons, and indictments, trial and execution, have no particular charms for us, either in fiction or in reality. Neither is it on account of the moral proposed by the author, which, in direct opposition to that of the worthy chaplain of Newgate, seems to be, not that a man guilty of theft or murder is in some danger of being hanged; but that, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, he may be regularly conducted to the gallows for theft or murder which he has never committed. There is nothing instructive or consolatory in this proposition, when taken by itself; and if intended as a reproach upon the laws of this country, it is equal-

ly applicable to all human judicatures, whose judges can only decide according to evidence, since the Supreme Being has reserved to himself the prerogative of searching the heart and of trying the reins. But, although the story of Caleb Williams be unpleasing, and the moral sufficiently mischievous, we acknowledge we have met with few novels which excited a more powerful interest. Several scenes are painted with the savage force of Salvator Rosa; and, while the author pauses to reason upon the feelings and motives of the actors, our sense of the fallacy of his arguments, of the improbability of his facts, and of the frequent inconsistency of his characters, is lost in the solemnity and suspense with which we expect the evolution of the tale of mystery. After Caleb Williams, it would be injustice to Mr. Godwin to mention St. Leon, where the marvellous is employed too frequently to excite wonder, and the terrible is introduced till we have become familiar with terror. The description of Bethlem Gabor, however, recalled to our mind the author of Caleb Williams; nor, upon the whole, was the romance such as could have been written by quite an ordinary pen. These preliminary remarks are not entirely misplaced, as will appear from the following quotation from the preface to Fleetwood.

'One caution I have particularly sought to exercise: "not to repeat myself." Caleb Williams was a story of very surprising and uncommon events, but which were supposed to be entirely within the laws and established course of nature, as she operates in the planet we inhabit. The story of St. Leon is of the miraculous class; and its design, to "mix human feelings and passions with incrediable situations, and thus render them impressive and interesting."

'Some of those fastidious readers—they may be classed among the best friends an author has if their admonitions are judiciously considered—who are willing to discover those faults which do not offer themselves to every eye, have remarked, that both these tales are in a vicious style of writing; that Horace has long ago decided, that the story we cannot believe, we are, by all the laws of criticism, called upon to hate; and that even the adventures of the honest secretary, who was first heard of ten years ago, are so much out of the usual road, that not one reader in a million can ever fear they will happen to myself.' Vol. I. Pref.

Moved by these considerations, Mr. Godwin has chosen a tale of domestic life, consisting of such incidents as usually occur in the present state of society, diversified only by ingenuity of selection, and novelty of detail. How far he has been successful, will best appear from a sketch of the story.

Fleetwood, the only son of a gentleman who has retired from mercantile concerns to the enjoyment of a liberal fortune, is born and educated among the mountains of Wales. He has no companions saving his father, an infirm though very respectable old gentleman, and his tutor, who was *not* a clergyman; nowithstanding which, he studied Plato without understanding him, and indemnified himself by writing sonnets which could be understood by nobody. Fleetwood being of course a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature, preferred scrambling over the heights of Cader Idris, adoring the rising, and admiring the setting sun, to perusing the pages of Plato, and the poetry of his tutor. In one of these rambles, somewhat to the readers's relief, whose patience is rather tired by an unfruitful description of precipices, cascades, and the immeasureable ocean in the back ground, he at length meets with an adventure. A lamb, a favourite lamb, falls into a lake: the shepherd plunges in after the lamb: an aged peasant, his father, is about to plunge in after the shepherd. when Fleetwood, as might have been expected, anticipates his affectionate intentions, After remaining a reasonable time in the water, the shepherd holding the lamb, and Fleetwood supporting the shepherd, they are all three fished up by an interesting young damsel who approaches in a boat, and proves to be (according to good old usage) the mistress of William the shepherd, and the proprietor of the half-drowned favourite. This adventure leads to nothing, except that, in the conclusion of of the work, the interesting young woman unexpectedly pops back upon us in the very useful, though not very romantic character of an old sick-nurse; deserving, no less in her advanced age, the praises of the Institution for Relief of the destitute Sick, than in her youth she had merited a premium from the humane Society. The worthy tutor, in like manner, vanishes entirely from our view, retiring to an obscure lodging in a narrow street, to finish his book of sonnets, and his commentary on Plato. His pupil is now introduced to the knowledge of mankind at the University. Here he discovers no aversion to distinguish himself among the dissipated sons of fortune, and soon becomes something very different from the climber of mountains and diver into lakes. But he acquits himself of all share in a *quizzing* scene, played off upon a *fresh-man* called Withers, who had written a tragedy on a very interesting subject—the cleansing of the Augean stable. This piece he is prevailed upon to recite to certain arch wags, who receive it with rapture, fill the author drunk, and bear him home, crowned with parsley, and dropping with wine, in classical triumph. They have afterwards the address to pass a wooden figure upon him for the master of his college, who, after a rebuke pronounced in character by one of the quizzers, who chanced to be a ventriloquist, proceeds, by some unknown mechanism, to inflict upon Withers the academical discipline under which Milton is said to have smarted of yore; but, far from imitating the submission of his sublime prototype, the modern bard kicked and cuffed in stout opposition, till he discovered the impassible character of his antagonist. The joke ends by Withers going mad, and the ingenious authors of his distress being rusticated. We presume the ventriloquist found a refuge with Fitz-James, and the mechanist with Merlin or Maillardet. What connexion this facetious tale has with Fleetwood, or his history, does not appear; but we reverence the established privilege of an Oxonian to prose about all that happened when he was at Christ-Church.

We now accompany Fleetwood on his travels. Paris was his first stage, where he had the strange and uncommon misfortune to be jilted by two mistresses. The first was a certain Marchioness, whose mind 'resembled an eel,' and who delighted in the bold, the intrepid, and the masculine. Her lover was greeted with an impudent amazonian stare, a smack of the whip, a slap on the back, and a loud and unexpected accent that made the hearer start again. Upon discovering the infidelity of this gentle lady, Fleetwood, being in Paris, followed the example of the Parisians, but not without experiencing certain twinges of pain, and revolutions of astonishment, to which we believe these good people, on such occasions, are usually strangers. In a word, he took another mistress. The countess de B. had every gentle amiability under heaven, and only one fault, which might be expressed in one word if we chose it, but we prefer the more prolix explanation of the author.

'Yet the passion of the Countess was rather an abstract propensity, than the preference of an individual. A given quantity of personal merit and accomplished manners was sure to charm her. A fresh and agreeable complexion, a sparkling eye, a well-turned leg, a grace in dancing or in performing the maenouvres of gallantry, were claims that the countess de B. was never known to resist.' Vol. I. p. 152.

Upon discovery of this frailty, our hero's patience forspok him; and he raved, fumed, and agonized, till ours likewise was on the verge of departure. In this paroxysm, his taste for the mountain and the desert returned upon him like a frenzy; and as there were none nearer then the Alps, to the Alps he flies incontinently on the wings of despair. He repairs to the mansion of a venerable old Swiss gentleman, a friend of his father, delightfully situated in the valley of Ursereen. in a wood of tall and venerable trees; a very extraordinary and fortunate circumstance for the possessors, as we will venture to say that it is the only wood that ever grew in that celebrated valley, which is the highest inhabited ground in the Alps. The host of Fleetwood carries him to a pleasure party on the lake of Uri, and chuses that time and place to acquaint him, that while he was living jollily at Paris, his father had taken the opportunity of dying quietly in Merionethshire.* The affect of this intelligence upon Fleetwood, is inexpressibly striking. He ate no breakfast the next morning; and it was not till the arrival of dinner, that 'hunger at length subdued the obstinacy of his grief.' Ruffigny, his host, now joins him; and after a reasonable allowance of sympathy and consolation, entertains him with the history of his connexion with his father.

[To be Continued]

DRAMATIC.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COLMAN'S NEW COMEDY.

[Though for some years, we have declined inserting in the Port Folio, a regular critique upon the plays, represented on the Philadelphia Stage, yet from time to time, we wish to give an outline of the fable, and characters of every drama of merit. Local criticism interests only a few; but an occasional analysis of a Tragedy or Comedy, will probably be delightful to many of our readers.

Amid the trash of the day, at a season too, when fashion and bad taste have looked too favourably upon the caricature of broad farce, and the mountebank tricks of histrionic mummery, the younger COLMAN, who is the rightful heir of his Father's Wit and Genius, has produced a Comedy, which will not tarnish his dramatic splendour. On the eighteenth of April, *Who Wants a Guinea?* was represented for the first time, at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.]

The dramatic celebrity of the author naturally raised very high expectations; and they were, we believe, disappointed only in a very few instances. The following were the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Lawrence Macmurrough, . .	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Barford, or Capt. Delamere, .	Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Torrent, ...	Mr. Munden.
The Prisoner from France, . . .	Mr. C. Kemble.
Mr. Heartley, ...	Mr. Chapman.
Andrew Bang, ...	Mr. Emery.
Solomon Gundy, ...	Mr. Fawcett.
Skirts, ...	Mr. Simmons.
Fanny, ...	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Glassenbury, ...	Mrs. Mattocks.

The story is not of the simplest; but an idea may be gathered of it from the following outline:

Mr. Torrent, who has acquired an affluent fortune in trade is resolved to retire to rural tranquillity and to scenes that may open to him frequent opportunities of indulging a generous and humane disposition, which hurries him into acts of indiscriminate charity and Quixotic beneficence. For that purpose he purchases an estate in Yorkshire, and relies on the judgment of his friend, *Mr. Heartley*, a gentleman critically sentimental, who occasionally chides the impetuosity of Mr. *Torrent's* beneficences, and points out to him artists of modest but real merits, by whom his estate may be improved and embellished.

* By the way, we greatly question the locality here pitched on. We know of no such lake as the lake of Uri; but we suppose the lake of Lucerne, a lake of the four cantons, was the scene of this affecting discovery. But Mr. Godwin is not much at home in Switzerland.

Mr. Torrent, on his arrival at the village where his estate lies, finds the villagers in the utmost distress, from a fire which had just consumed the houses of many of them. Here his generous nature finds an ample room to display itself. Among others, he hires for his footman *Solomon Gundy*, one of the sufferers, whose profession had been a rat-catcher, but who, being the son of the village schoolmaster, had acquired a smattering of French. Here also *Mr. Barford* falls in his way, and on hearing of his distress, and of the generous manner in which he rescued a young child from the flames, he first offers to relieve him; but his offer being repulsed by the high pride and independent spirit of *Mr. Barford*, he attempts to relieve him secretly, by thrusting a pocket-book containing 150*l.* into a bundle belonging to *Mr. Barford*. The pocket-book happened to contain besides a letter and a few memorandums which fully explained to *Barford* the condition and name of *Mr. Torrent*, who proves to be the brother of the man who had been the bosom friend of *Barford*, but who proved to be his bitterst enemy by seducing his wife.—*Mr. Barford* served in the army with the friend who betrayed him, and left his wife with an only daughter at Jamaica, where he served. His daughter was entrusted to the care of another friend, who brought her to England; but who on his arrival being suddenly forced away by a press gang, was unable further to protect the young Lady, of whom he became enamoured. Her forlorn state led her to lodge at the house of *Old Skirt*, a remnant seller, who endeavoured to find her a situation through the means of an advertisement in the newspapers. Her piteous case caught the eye of *Mr. Torrent*, and he ordered his agent to hire her as his housekeeper. Her good friend *Old Skirt*, accompanies her to Yorkshire, but quits her about a mile from her destination. She however mistakes the house for which she was destined, and goes to one intended for a *Lord Alamode*, where she meets with an Irish Baronet, *Sir Lawrence*, who having lost his estate at play, comes down to Yorkshire to secrete himself from his creditors. Out of this mistake of *Miss Fanny* arises the principal incidents, the business, and the interest of the play. Her father, *Captain Delamare*, who discovers she is in the country, suspects *Mr. Torrent* of dishonourable intentions towards her, which the other resents, and joins with *Captain Delamare* in anxious search for her daughter, who is found by her father, and by the friend who conducted her home, and who is finally united to her.

Mr. COLMAN has constructed a very entertaining, interesting, and instructive drama, upon these slender materials. Perhaps scarcely any of the characters can altogether pretend to novelty; but many of them are distinguished by strong original features, and exhibit the human heart in a striking variety of lights. The character of *Barford* or *Captain Delamere*, borders on misanthropy, but a misanthropy, arising not from moroseness, but a high principled mind, indignant at the baseness and perfidy of his fellow-creatures. It exhibits the noblest sentiments of stern independence, and honourable pride, and by whom could such sentiments be better embodied and enforced than by Mr. Kemble. Lewis had every thing that was happily characteristic of the Irish Baronet; but there was nothing new in the character. The whole comic effect of the piece, which certainly contains a very rich vein of humour, was produced by the characters performed by Munden, Fawcett, Emery, and Simmons, who did them every possible justice. The parts of Fawcett and Simmons were by far the most ludicrous, the one from a continual anxiety to display his knowledge of French, and of high sounding words, which he marrs by frequent absurd misapplications; the other by a whimsical equivoque, arising from the double capacity in which he is placed with *Mr. Torrent*, who imagines him to be a surveyor sent from London to improve his estate, while he thinks he is only known in his trade of remnant dealer. This equivoque proves an overflowing source of wit and punning, but loses perhaps much of its effect, by being too long drawn out. The dialogue in general is very neat and appropriate, it abounds in curious comparisons, in pointed repartee, and felicitous puns. Some of the latter are, however, too far fetched. There is much to praise in the vigour and refinement of the sentiments, and in the purity of the moral—although attending to *double entendre*, here and there betrayed the Author into some indelicate allusions and expressions, which were suddenly seized upon and loudly censured. Indeed they seemed to have drawn down the whole of what censure was expressed by the house, but they can easily be suppressed. The first acts are evidently the best; the fourth and fifth languished too much; perhaps the incident of the child's relieving the forlorn wanderer, though interesting in itself, might be altogether omitted, and with other judicious curtailments, tend to shorten the performance, which is now much too long and tedious. It did not conclude till ten o'clock.

The Prologue and Epilogue contained some good points, and were well delivered by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. Mattocks. When the piece was given out for a second representation, there was for a time a mixture of murmurs and applause; but the applause at length decidedly prevailed. The House was uncommonly full.

POLITE LITERATURE.

On aspiring at the Character of Learning, without any just Pretentions to it.

[From a British Essayist]

All kinds of deceit and affectation deserve to be detected and exposed to censure, if it were only that truth may not be overborne and discouraged by their prevalence. It is certainly injurious to society, that French paste should be sold for diamonds, and the counterfeit of Birmingham pass in currency for the coin of the Mint in the Tower.

Among a variety of arts practised by many of the vain and superficial in the present age, who make it their first object to be admired by the company into which they happen to fall, is that of endeavouring to shine as men of skill in science, as well as in the art of pleasing, and of a taste for books, as well as for buckles. Unfortunately, their attention to trifles in their youth has prevented them from acquiring a store of real learning, and they are therefore obliged to have recourse to hooks and baits in fishing for literary praise.

They take as much care as they can to give the conversation a literary tone, only when they are sure the company makes no pretensions to excellence in literature. If there be a scholar among them, they are shy of it, and introduce subjects connected with the gay world, and slily throw contempt on learning as pedantry.

I have sometimes been diverted with hearing one of these gentlemen harrangue in a semicircle of ladies and beaus on the character of the classics, talk of the beauty of the oriental languages (in which he comprehended the Greek and Roman,) and admire the original Latin of Homer, and the fine Greek of Virgil, though, as I had been credibly informed, he never could proceed at the grammar-school beyond Cordery's Colloquies, with Clarke's translation, and had been removed thence to a shop where he had served behind a counter seven years, without looking into any other book than Kent's Directory. But he had come to a fortune lately, and having been already a beau, had been led, by making out as well as he could the meaning of Chesterfield's Letters to aspire at pleasing in all companies, and to affect the character of *all-accomplished*. From reading the pamphlets and papers of the day, he had picked up a few phrases, which he hardly understood, on most subjects, and I assure you, was considered by the party, in which he displayed his talents, not only as a very agreeable man, but also as a very good scholar, happily uniting in himself, to the confusion of pedants, solid sense with graceful accomplishments. He was a great quoter of verses; not that his stock was very large. I believe he might have learned by heart a hundred lines in all, from various poets, on various subjects; and by well timing his quotations, he passed for a man not only of singular taste in poetry, but of a prodigious memory.

This artifice of quoting is often practised by those who, without being coxcombs, like the above mentioned gentlemen, in dress and the graces, wish to obtain an esteem and reputation as men of letters, to which they possess no just claim. I know a man who has read a little, but is by no means distinguished for his learning or genius, and who having committed about forty lines of Homer to his memory, when a schoolboy, contrives to introduce a few sounding verses in all strange company, with such addrsss as to put himself off for a wonderful classic: whereas, in truth, he now never reads any thing but Hoyle, the Court Calendar, and the newspapers.

Quoters are indeed very numerous, and I must acknowledge that they are often very entertaining; but they must not, however, steal away the palm of learning by legerdemain, or a *deceptio visus*, which too often succeeds with common company. It is very easy for any man, who does not employ his studious hours in a better way, to commit to memory, like a schoolboy's task, a number of beautiful passages, in prose and verse, on subjects likely to occur in the course of various conversations. And though I give the quoters the praise of pleasant companions, provided they are not too prolix, yet they should not be suffered to impose on mankind so much, as to assume a superiority over real scholars, who have been treasuring up original ideas, while the quoters have been imitating parrots or professed spouters, in commiting words only to memory, purposely for the sake of ostentation.

There are many who assume the office and authority of critics in all literature, who have no pretension to judgment beyond the cut of a coat, the neatness of a shoe, the stile of hair-dressing, a minuet, or the dress of an actor or actress on the stage. They have caught a kind of technical phraseology from periodical and newspaper criticisms, and they utter their opinions, like oracles, in the little audience which has learned to look up to them as to dictators. A new book is for the most part severely handled by them, especially if it happens to take with the public, and is really a good one. It argues a wonderful perspicacity in them to be able to find out defects in works which the million are fools enough to buy and admire. They do not, indeed, make a point of reading the books they condemn or praise. They are furnished with vague terms of general praise and censure, and can give laws to their subjects, like the tyrant who said, My will stands for my reason.

The using of long words, derived from the Greek or Latin, commonly called hard words, has long been an artifice of those who wished for the praise of learning and knowledge, without giving themselves the trouble to acquire them. Apothecaries are very often ridiculed for their use of medical terms, which they often misunderstand and misapply; but when they use them among the illiterate to raise opinion, their "*ampullæ et sesquipedalia verba*,"* may have a good effect; for whatever contributes to increase confidence in the medical practitioner, contributes at the same time, to the cure of many distempers. By the way, I must repeatedly inculcate how desirable it is that apothecaries, to whom the first application is made in the greatest distresses of human nature, had a more liberal education than can fall to the lot of those who, at the age of fourteen, or earlier, are bound to a long state of mechanical servitude.

* Horace.

Freethinkers, libertines, infidels, prating disputants in divinity and morality, with little learning and no principle, are very apt to add an authority to their conversation, by using expressions which they do not understand, and citing books which they never read, or totally misunderstood. Their affectation deserves not only ridicule, but all the severity of satire, all the insult of contempt. They produce false or mistaken authorities as genuine, which mislead hearers who might be proof against the nonsense of their sophistry, if it were unembellished by the pomp of unintelligible words, and unsupported by the appearance of a solid and profound erudition.

With respect to the mere pretender to learning who attempts not to corrupt or mislead his simple admirers, though his affection is ridiculous, yet it is certainly less culpable in conversation than scandal or indecency. One may freely pardon one who, in order to appear a man of science and philosophy, reads on the temporary topic, previously to his entering into company; as I remember a gentleman who always made it his practice, on the appearance of an eclipse, a comet, or the rumour of an earthquake, to retail an article from the Dictionary on the subject, in all the various companies into which he fell, so as to raise a very exalted opinion of his learning, and an idea that he was as well acquainted with all parts of science as with these, though in fact he understood nothing perfectly but the four first rules of arithmetic.

The evil of this affectation is, that it is a deceit, and no deceit should be in general tolerated in conversation, because it diminishes the confidence of society; that it often overbears the modest scholar, for ignorance is bold and vehement; and that it diffuses error, by asserting things without knowledge, and without examination, as truths confirmed and indisputable.

I do not condemn the principle which stimulates men to wish for the esteem which is due to science; it is often a laudable, and always an innocent principle; but I wish it to operate in another manner, in exciting a degree of industry which may enable men to acquire that knowledge of which they solicitously seek the appearance. The trouble often taken to support the false glitter, might obtain a considerable portion of the solid gold; and would probably improve the mind in the research, so as to be superior to all the little arts of empty ostentation; arts which fail of their design, and cause a contempt of those who might pass unobserved, or even be honourably *noticed*, if they were contented with their own plumes. Nobody ridiculed the poor daw, till he attempted to deck himself in the feathers of the peacock.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A merry song to a miscellaneous reader is often not less pleasant than a good sentiment. From the best and scarcest sources, we derive sometimes a ballad to cheer him, who may be wearied with graver matter. The following humorously recounts the virtues of the favourite beverage of Hibernia.

Let Sawney loo the lasses, O,
And sing their praise from morn to night;
Such idle joys I 'd have you know,
Can ne'er give Murphy's son delight:
For tho' like stars their eyes do shine,
Why just a little frisky, O,
To be sure they dont look quite divine
Till lighted up with *whisky, O.*

When in this world I popp'd my nose,
The gossips all around were met,
Away for water one o' 'em goes,
Because I was a sickly pet,
But Father Leary, precious soul,
That night a little brisk or so
Dips his sweet fingers in the bowl
And sprinkled me with whisky, O.

Be sure I dont remember now,
(Dear little baby) how I smil'd,
When first the whisky met my brow,
Sure never was so sweet a child!
When brawling in my mother's lap
My little life at risk, you know,
'Tis said I ne'er could touch my pap
Till moisten'd well with whisky, O.

In Dublin, where I went to school,
Be sure not over flush of cash;
I never spent it like a fool,
In toys, in gewgaws, or in trash:
The master often wonder'd what
Made Murphy's son so frisky, O,
'Twas cause each doit that Murphy got
Was slily spent in whisky, O.

'Twas there I learnt, Great Ammon's son
Was poison'd with a Persian cup,
Which, arrah! Sure had not been done,
Had it been fill'd with whisky up:
For sure no sober man can think
Though it might make him brisk or so
That any Babylonish drink
Was half so good as whisky, O.

Anacreon, wine's blooming bard,
Squeez'd in his bowl the ruddy grape,
With whisky no more to be compar'd;
Than human creatures to an ape
For tho' at wakes it makes him gay
And caus'd the strains flow brisky, O
Lord, how he would have bawl'd away
Had he been warm'd with whisky, O.

Jove hearing Ireland was possess'd
Of liquor to the Gods unknown,
Sent for a noggin of the best
And, having got it, gulp'd it down;
Away ran Ganymede in haste
For more on't at the self same shop,
That every one might have a taste——
Ev'n chaste Diana took a drop.

It flew like lightning to each sconce
And play'd its part so brisky, O,
They rose and swore by Styx at once
They'd ne'er drink ought but whisky, O
The Thunderer having ta'en his fill
Became so vastly tipsy, O.
He kicked poor Bacchus down the hill
Who, tumbling, cry'd out whisky, O.

Then calling Isis, alias Peg,
He bade her soon prepare to go
To brother Pluto with a Keg
And tell him it was whiskey, O.
His sable godship taking some
Became so wondrous frisky, O,
That Pluto soon hung out the broom,
And made another Heaven below.

But more of whisky I 'll not sing
Nor tune my pipes so briskly, O,
Since every note now on the wing
Has kept me from dear whisky, O.
Then let me once for all declare
To all those who may wish to know
The zest of joy, the bane of care
Is this same Irish whisky, O.

OLD CLOWTER AND HIS MARE.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

Old Clowter was a man of Kent
Intent on worldly riches,
Who once a week to market rode
In dirty boots and breeches.

The *mare* he rode was grey with age,
Toothless, and greas'd and founder'd
With outstretcht neck, and hobbling gait
Thro' thick and thin she flounder'd.

Nor always could her master's arm
With pulling hard and hauling,
Like the tir'd camel—on his knees
Prevent the beast from falling.

One day he jogg'd beside the squire
Across the fields of stubble
And though he toiled, with might and main,
So save his bones from trouble,
Ah! nought availed, his blundering steed
Perplex'd by stones that truckled
Held out awhile, till in a doze
Devoutly down it knuckled.

When luckily of partridges
Loud whizzing rose a covey,
"Be not alarmed your honour!" cried
O'd sly-boots—for—la love ye,

This horse is worth, his weight in gold,
Sir, 'tis a noble *setter*,
And no *trained* dog, in all the world
Can do its business better.

You saw it drop before the birds
Rose in the air above ye?
And had we then our nets at hand,
We had secured the covey!

"Astonishing!" the squire replied,
"'Twould suit me to a tittle,"
Replied the clown; "for fifty pounds
"Tis yours, tho' much too little"

The bargain's struck the cash paid down,
And Clowter sacks the treasure;
While of his Rosinante proud
The squire exults past measure.

But lo! upon a future day
They met, as Fate would have it,
When thus the squire addressed the clown
Who ready tood to brave it.

"Ho, Farmer, what a cursed jade
Was that you lately sold me,
But, for the safety of my neck
You surely should have told me."

Why, sir, I said, the clown replied
The horse was good at falling
But as to trot, or walk, or stand
That's *quite another calling*.

SONG, BY DIBDIN.

First chuse a pretty melody,
To take in all the flats:
Then change your drift,
And suddenly
Prepare to shift the Key;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl,
Like cats:
Then chatter, like monkies, now low and now hig
Then whine and then sigh,
And all through the nose,
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close.

Among the flats and sharps now a tedious journ
travel,
Then lose yourself in knots of chords,
And then those knots unravel:
Then sigh and die,
And faint in bliss ecstatic,
And then the half tones try,
For a touch of the chromatic
Then where you set come again
And now—you're welcome home agai

Then once more the melody;
To take in all the flats:
Then change your drift,
And suddenly
Prepare to shift
The Key
There growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats.
Then chatter like monkies,—now low and now hig
And all through the nose;
And then swim and die
And then come to a close,
Yet not shabbily
But with a fine cantabile,
In which go, high and low and boy
Still follow'd by the haut boy
And all through the nose
And then swim and die
And then come to a close.

In his very elegant and sprightly letters from Spain, M. SOUTHEY has preserved some beautiful specimens of the finest poetry of the country, and he has frequently accompanied his originals by a very sweet and flowing version, which will not detract from the reputation he has acquired in many walks of poetry. The ensuing verses are good specimens of the merit of Spanish poetry and of Mr. Southey's Muse.

AUN ARROYUELLO.

Para, blanco, arroyuello
Hecho cinta de yelo
El curso que aprovechas
Por margenes estrechas;
Cuijas aguas divinas
Cristalson, si continas
Y aljofar, si disechas:
O torcida la frente
A tu nativa fuente,
Dis cursivo, y no acaso
Alarga, alarga el paso,
Y vuelve la cor riente
Vuelvete atras amigo
Pues eras fiel testigo
Que aquella ingrata Lidia
Dijo; muera de invidia
Si firme no te adoro
Por que no solo el brio
Do este que vuela rio;
Sino el triste, que lloro,
Que parara no ignoro,
Que atras volvera fio:
Primero que qual Luna,
Ya que sol me diseas,
En mi mudanza veas,
Y en ti no haya ninguna,
Mas figve tu fortura,
Arroyuello de furlas
No dejes de veterlas
Por este antiqua roca,
Pues te ofrece su loca:
Ni al Ebro de pagarle
Cristal, cor que aumentarle:
Que si Lidia dio al viento
La fe y el juramento,
Disculpas hay en ella
Por muger, y por bella.

TO A RIVULET,

Stay thy waters cold and clear!
Gentle streamlet, stay and hear!
Thou upon whose wintry stream
Sheds the sun an icy gleam,
Thou, who to the summer sky
Murmurest pleasant melody;
Gentle streamlet! stay and hear;
Stay thy waters cold and clear
Or upward to thy native cave
Roll again thy refluent wave;
Roll thy waters, back for thou
Hast heard my Lydia's broken vow,
Hast heard her bid each power above
Avenge the perjuries of Love.
Gentle stream still clear and cold
Me all changed thou dost behold
Why shouldst thou thy course delay?
Pass upon thy winding way;
Beneath the rock's dark shadow glide
Thy tribute to old Ebro's tide;
For if Lydia's faithless mind
Scatter vows upon the wind,
Strange her crime thou wilt not deem
She's a *woman*, gentle stream!

—

YRIARTE a modern Spanish poet of no vulgar celebrity has composed a number of what he calls literary Fables. We occasionally insert one in the Port Folio still entertaining the hope that some student of Spanish will undertake a version.

FABULA.

El oso, la Mona, y el Cerdo.

Un oso con que le vida
Ganaba un Piamontes,
La no muy bien apprendida
Dansa ensayaba en dos pies.

Queriendo hacer de persona
Dixo á una Mona. Que tal?
Era perita la Mona,
Y respondióle: Muy mal.

Yo creo, replico il Oso
Que me haces poco favor
Pues que? Mi ayre no es garboso?
No hago el paso con primor?

Estaba, el cerdo presente,
Y dixo: Bravo! bien va!
Baylarin mas Excellente,
No se ha visto, ni verá

Echó el Oso, al oir esto,
Sus cuentas allá entre si,
Y con ademan modesto
Hubo de exclamar asi:

Quando me, desa probaba
La Mona, llegué á dudar:
Mas y a que el Cerdo me alaba,
Muy mal debo de Caylar.

Guarde para su regalo
Esta sentencia un autor:
Si el Sabio no aprueba, malo!
Si el necio aplaude, peor.

—

La Harpe is certainly too severe on Florian. He gives him little praise. For myself, I admire the sweet harmonious prose of the French Goldsmith. He is so gentle, so pure, so full of naiveté, that you are sorry when dinner or company oblige you to lay down the book. Florian seems to have been a perfect gentleman; the moment you address him, you become acquainted with him; you are at home with so easy, so refined a man, whose actions are all grace, and his words sweeter than the wild bee's buz. La Harpe has not treated him well, though he awkwardly contrives to pay him a compliment on what he is capable of doing. Surely, he could not write a better pastoral, than his own Galatea, if he were to labour for years; and why will you suppose, that a hero is equal to the achievements of Du Guesclin, when he acknowledges, that he is contented if he can secure his castle from plunder, and defend his daughter from violence.

I always love that writer, who never fatigues me. Johnson complains, that when we lay down Milton, we don't remember to take him up again. Now this is never the case with Goldsmith and Gesner. Whoever loves nature loves these writers; and I am afraid I should think badly of that man's heart, who did not like Florian. His tales are pleasant, like the stories of a gallant man, who had lived among knights, and had fought at tournaments, when there were ladies and the daughters of princes. I do not mean his Spanish, or his English or French tale; but his Gonsalvo de Cordova and his Numa Pompilius. In these he often soars to the dignity of epick, and always sustains a full, manly deportment. I do not believe he was made to be commanding in heroic song; yet his courtesy and nobleness always attract, and make me do him reverence. His little poems, pastorals, &c. are however my chief delight. These are sweet, chaste, full of rural life and manners. They abound with a kind of unknown beauty, like the peculiar fragrance of a wild wood rose, or like the song of Cowper's Task in early morning. I wish I could persuade my friends to read them. I would learn French, if it were only to read Florian; and though La Harpe has condemned him, yet he is guilty in company with Shakspeare, "nature's darling child"; and with Milton the pride of science, and the pomp of song.

[ANTHOLOGY.

—

S. Highly the Author of the battle of Largs, a gothic Poem, has written, *from the heart* the ensuing tender Stanzas.

THE LOVER TO HIS HEART.

Lie still, lie still, fond fluttering heart,
Thine anguish'd pulses throb in vain!
For she, that barbs the mystic dart,
Knows not thy sad, thy secret pain.

Mine eyes with rude unconscious gaze,
Pursue her form though all the dance,
But her's as oft, with strange amaze,
Rebuke my wild unwary glance.

When'er the changeful measures bring
Her gentle hand to meet with mine,
From the soft touch electric spring
Delicious pangs, distress divine.

Lie still, lie still, fond fluttering heart,
Stern Fortune lets thee beat in vain;
And she, that barbs Love's powerful dart
Shall never know thy secret pain.

—

Lines addressed to a sleeping Infant by its mother.

Sleep on, sweet babe, unconcious of that pain,
Which rends thy mother's agonized breast:
Sleep on, sweet child, nor ever wake again,
But wing thy passage to eternal rest.
For thou wert born the heir of pining grief,
And penury and guilt thy birthright are;
When I am gone, ah! who shall give relief
Or shield thy youth from heart corroding care?
In tears conceiv'd, in tears matur'd wert thou,
Brought fourth in tears, foreboding future woe:
Once I was blest—but *these* alas! are now
All that thy wretched mother can bestow,
She said—then hast'ning to complete her sin,
Slow from her pocket drew—a Pint of Gin!!

QUIZ.

—

If the lunatic Godwin could have his way, and realize his fantastic project of perfectibility, we should then behold such a Being, as the ensuing paragraph describes.

Him the colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting. To him a serene or cloudy sky are equally indifferent. Let the earth abound in fruits or be cursed with scarcity it has no influence on his welfare. He lives secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earth quakes: He has no concern in the blossoms of Spring, or in the glowings of Summer, in the fruits of Autumn, or in the frosts of Winter.

—

The great difficulty with most people is their want of method and determination. This will explain to us the reason why most of our students are so little acquainted with polite literature, and produce so few original writings. They will tell us, they are under the necessity of attending to some kind of professional business, or money-begetting employment, through the day; consequently, have no time for reading or reflection—for planning or for executing. But the evening—"that is taken up with company:" not long at a time however or at least, not always. "But after the evening is somewhat advanced, one has so little time, and wants to read so many things;" Ah! there's the rub—you have no *method*, or no *determination*; and procrastination, confusion, and indecision are the plagues of mankind. *Thus it stands*:—Company gone, the student says he will to his task—"but he has not time enough to read an oration in Cicero, a chapter in Greek, (don't scowl, fastidious reader, for there is as much wisdom in some such old fashioned things, as in cards and novels) a chapter of history or biography, a long state paper, a review, a poem,—or to write a dissertation, or a number for the gazette, besides he has several other little matters to attend to soon."—Very well, let him attend to them *this* evening, or read *this* evening, and attend to them the *next*; or let him read or write, while he would otherwise be *wishing for more time*. But no! he sits down and can do nothing for want of time to do too much—there he thinks nothing—then getting up *does* nothing—turning round three or four times he *resolves* upon nothing—taking up one book and throwing by another, he *learns* nothing—sitting down again he *writes* nothing—rising again, he *says* nothing:—then, when the clock strikes TWELVE! he *knows* nothing; and *goes to bed*—Nothing.

CAMOENS when he describes himself a fortunate or wretched lover, always adopts the tone of Genius, Passion and Nature. In the following he bewails the loss of a mistress, and Lord STRANGFORD has embalmed his tears.

Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smil'd the hours away,
Those braids of light that sham'd the beams of day,
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scatter'd with the blooms of May,
Turn'd to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone—forever gone—and perish'd here,—
—But not unbath'd by Memory's warmest tear!
—Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flow'r,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was giv'n;
Love saw the deed—and as he linger'd near,
Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to Heav'n!

—

HEYWOOD, a very ancient bard, contemporary with some of the oldest oaks of England, has written, agreeably to the taste of his times, much trash, over which not only time, but oblivion has drawn the mantle. But among the most modern of our sonnetteers I know not if I could find more easy, more flowing, more sprightly verses than the subsequent.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good morrow.

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them both I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow!
You pretty elves among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, Birds, in every furrow.

—

OTWAY, who has immortalized himself by the composition of the tenderest Tragedies in the English language, has not always succeeded in the lower walks of poetry. He has, however, written one song, elegant and easy, like the happiest style of SUCKLING and CONGREVE. The antithesis in the first stanza, and the thought in the last are remarkably beautiful.

I did but look, and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease,
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

—

The Agents for the Port Folio are respectfully reminded, and the various Debtors to the establishment are again notified, that, during the present Autumn, payment, even of small sums, will enable the Editor at least *to hope* sanguinely, and to fulfil *his* obligations, with punctuality and spirit.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

New-York,

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

My friends sometimes tell me my verses are better than Searson's, and that I should in imitation of that renowned Scribbler, solicit the patronage of Mr Jefferson, and publish them by subscription. Now I want your opinion, not of the sage of Monticello, but of my Rhymes, and have, therefore, enclosed you a little morsel, which I take to be the best I ever *dished* up in my life. If you think this precious piece would make any figure, in a corner of the Port Folio, in a corner I shall be proud to see it.—But if, wormwood and nettles!—if, you give a Verdict against me, I solemnly assure you that an honest, sober, and industrious Vender of Couplets, will from that moment be *Defunct*. If my apprehensions, rather than my hopes should be verified, all the favour I expect, is, that you will offer up my bantling at the shrine of a Segar, and not *quiz* me in your notices to Correspondents.

P.

SONG.

The Village maids, full often cry
"Poor Will, ah! why so pale?"
Ah why so pale!
And, as she views my hollow eye,
My widowed mother asks me why
I look so pale.——

The other night, as late I stray'd,
Lonely along the vale,
The oak-crown'd Vale—
My little sister came, and said
"You 'r sick, dear Will; I'm sore afraid—
"You look so pale."

Yes—I am sick, ah! sick at heart—
Yet I will never tell the Tale—
The bitter Tale—
But silent hug the venom'd dart,
That drinks the life-blood of my heart,
And turns me pale.

Oh Julia! Yet once more thy name,
I'll whisper to the swift winged gale,
The midnight gale
Then to the vile earth, whence it came
Yield my poor faded, grief worn frame,
A corse so pale.

P.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Imitation of an Italian Sonnet of Sig. Abbate Buondelmonte. From Gray's posthumous Fragments.

Lusit Amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor,
Mox Iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lachrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lachrymanti, aut crede furenti,
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

TRANSLATED.

The God of love sometimes in Friendship's guise,
Artfully veiled, his sly approach conceals;
Anon a threatning form the Urchin tries,
And Hate and Rage, and Grief, by turns reveals,
Fly while thou may'st—whatever form he wears,
The same his power in Hate, or smiles, or tears.—

—

SONG.

Though greybeards, and Stoics,
May get in heroics
And tell us that drinking's a folly,
Never heed the old fools,
And their cold water rules,
But let us drink, sing, and be jolly.

They say man's a flow'r
Cut down in an hour,
A prey to grief, anguish, and sorrow
But while we have wine
Let us never repine
Nor think on the cares of to morrow

And to morrow we'll strive
If by chance we're alive
Each care to dispel with good liquor
If we live but a day
And moisten our clay
It cant go to dust any quicker.

The charms of the lasses
Enhanced by full glasses,
Shall shield us from dull melancholy,
The myrtle and vine
Let us jovial entwine,
Resolved to drink, sing, and be jolly!

LUCIO.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO CORDELIA,

[*By Akenside* 1740.]

The following ode, which, we believe, has never yet been published, was communicated by its author to a gentleman now living in New-York, who was then a youthful companion of Akenside.

From pompous life's dull masquerade,
From pride's pursuit and passion's war,
Far my Cordelia, very far,
To thee and me may heaven assign
The silent pleasures of the shade,
The joys of peace, unenvied tho' divine.

Safe in the calm embowering grove,
As thy own lovely brow serene,
Behold the world's fantastic scene!
What low pursuits employ the great,
What tinsel things their wishes move,
The forms of fashion, and the toys of state.

In vain are all contentment's charms,
Her placid mein, her cheerful eye,
For look, Cordelia, how they fly!
Allur'd by power, applause, or gain,
They fly, her kind protecting arms,
Ah, blind to pleasure, and in love with pain.

Turn and indulge a fairer view,
Smile on the joys which here conspire,
O, joys harmonious as my lyre!
O, prospect of enchanting things,
As ever slumbering poet knew
When love and fancy wrapp'd him in their wings.

Here no rude storm of passion blows,
But sports and smiles and virtues play,
Cheer'd by affection's purest ray;
The air still breathe's Contentment's balm,
And the clear stream of pleasure flows
Forever active, yet forever calm.——

—

EPIGRAM.

Corre voz de que recitas
A todo el Pueblo mis libros,
Como si en la realidad
Fuesden tayos, Fidentino.
Si mios llamarlos quieres,
De valde te los envio;
Si tuyos, has de comprarlos
Porque dexen de ser mios.

*** A Translation is requested.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.